

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS



AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

No. 38.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

DOUBLE NUMBER, PRICE 2d.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Proprietors have made every available arrangement for producing a

GREAT ILLUSTRATION

OF THE

FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, IN A GRAND DOUBLE NUMBER

OF THE

Illustrated Sporting News.

Which will be issued as early as possible after the event.

In order to do full justice to this undertaking the services of several Eminent Artists have been retained for the occasion.

ORDER EARLY!!!

EXPORTATION OF FOUL SALMON.

TOUCHING this shameful traffic in foul salmon, "Harkaway" writes in the Daily Standard of Tuesday last as follows:

"It would seem from the result of a deputation to Sir George Grey, that our Government will not take measures to put an end to the exportation of foul salmon to France. I am not surprised at this, knowing, as I do, that deputations are generally looked upon by our officials as a body of men who have some mischievous or selfish designs lurking in the background, and that their representations and entreaties cannot possibly be for the general good. The deputation on this occasion consisted of the Earl of Mounthcharles, Lord Garvagh, Lieut.-Col. Keane, Mr. Martin Smith, Capt. Hawkins, and others interested in the question. Sir George Grey's attention was drawn to the fact that the law now prohibited the sale and possession of salmon during the fence months, and fish factors from our rivers every week, and sent to the markets in France—the returns in the Parisian papers of arrivals of salmon from England proving the case. A Billingsgate fish factor (Stephenson) said that fish which we would not eat in England were eagerly bought up there at very high prices, and while the law was useless, and exportation was allowed, any attempt to revive the fisheries was useless. Prohibit the exportation of foul fish, and he did not hesitate to say that in three years salmon would be down to 6d. a pound. At present the price was high, and such was the energy of the French Government in developing their fisheries, that he could, in the season, positively go into the French market and buy fish, bring them to England, and sell them at a profit. Sir George inquired where these unassailable fish came from, and on being told they were chiefly poached from the Tweed, he said, he doubted the assertion, as the railway company had refused to carry the fish. It was evident that Sir George was not willing to accede to the request of the deputation, as he fenced with them from beginning to end, and coolly asserted that the railway companies might refuse to carry the fish, and thus prevent the illicit traffic. Did any one ever hear of such a monstrous suggestion? Sir George further remarked that he did not see how he could deal with the case by an Order from Council. It was true that an order had been issued against the exportation of various matters, and amongst them was included 'meats that might form victual for man,' and foul salmon could not exactly be considered as such. True, Sir George, although the French seem to think differently. The foul salmon, however, if not killed, would yield us an abundant supply for next season, and they unquestionably would form victual for man. Whether these kelt are taken from the Tweed or not is a matter of very little consequence. They are poached from some of our rivers, and that fact ought to have been sufficient to convince Sir George Grey that it was over to the Government to see that the duty of our Government to see that the new law, which strictly prohibits

the catching of salmon out of season, should be carried into effect. The simple question is in a nutshell. Will our Government allow this beautiful fish to be poached when full of spawn, resulting in their gradual extinction, or will they preserve the goose that lays the golden eggs? Sir George Grey in effect says:—No! the poachers shall capture salmon whether in season or out. The fish shall become even scarcer than it is now, and the poorer classes shall never

taste it. It shall be sent to France during the fence months by tons at a time—in fact, the Government of which I am a member dare not offend our neighbours on the Continent. So long as they will purchase our kelt, so long shall our poachers supply them. As for the sportsman of England, Ireland, and Scotland, who are they that our laws should increase their sport to the detriment of the French market, and the pecuniary gains of our thieves? And with

respect to the poorer classes, what business have they with salmon at 6d. per lb? Gentlemen, I thank you, but the Government cannot interfere. The matter, however will not rest here; and I am happy to announce that as soon as Parliament meets Sir George will have an opportunity afforded him of giving an explanation for the extraordinary course he has thought proper to pursue. I content it was his duty, as a paid public servant of the Crown, to have obtained the deputation for their important information, and to have there and then telegraphed to the Customs House officers at Dover and Folkestone to seize all salmon on transit during the fence months. Let the French eat unseasonable salmon from out of their own waters as long as they choose, but they shall not, assisted by midnight marauders, rob us of our stock when on the eve of multiplying by countless numbers. The remarks I thought proper to make in my last communication on our declining fisheries have been copied into several provincial journals—a course which will materially assist the sole object I have always had in view, namely, the restoration of the salmon fisheries of Great Britain. I learn from a northern journal that the beneficial results of the English Salmon Fisheries Act passed last year have been experienced in a marked degree this season in Cumberland. In the Eden the lessees of the fisheries reaped the advantage of the abolition of the stake nets on the English shore of the Solway Frith, and took large quantities of salmon in the early part of the year; but no very wonderful exploits were performed with the rod till the last week of the season, which closed after November 1st. The weather was not so favourable for rod-fishing during the greater part of the year, but the extended weekly close time for nets gave anglers a better chance when opportunity occurred for trying their luck. The nets having been thrown off, according to the provisions of the new Act, on the 1st September, the salmon, no longer stopped by the stake nets in the estuary, had a free run, and between that time and the close of the rod-fishing season on the 1st November the river was described by anglers as 'swarming with fish.' On the last two or three days of the season anglers were very successful in the Eden, many capturing five salmon in a day, varying from 8lb to 25lb. From the Derwent the reports are equally gratifying, the salmon never having been so plentiful since the days when it was a common article of food. On Saturday, the 1st, one gentleman captured four salmon, weighing 70lb, and there were several others caught weighing about 20lb. An obstruction in the Derwent at Fitz Weir is now about to be rendered passable to the breeding fish, and if poaching can be kept down the rivers will in a very few years be restored to their pristine productiveness."



GEORGE TAYLOR.

(From the Original Drawing.)

SWIMMING.

SWIMMING MATCH FOR £25 A SIDE.

This long-pending match, which has created considerable excitement amongst the lovers of natation, came off on Monday afternoon at the Whitehall Swimming Baths between B. Challenger (alias the Pieman) and James Gresswell (alias the Otter), at a quarter of a mile, for £25 a side. Of the Pieman we have to record a defeat by the celebrated long-distance swimmer, Peter Short (alias the Dog Crab), when Barney had to succumb to the powers of Peter. The Otter has proved himself a good quarter of a mile swimmer by defeating Young Coul, of Bedford, for £10 a side, in September last. The baths on this occasion was crowded to excess, and betting very brisk at 6 to 4 on the Pieman. At three o'clock the men entered the baths in swimming costume, and every eye was fixed with admiration on Barney's lithe and graceful form, while the Otter's brawny and muscular frame looked the picture of good training. The Pieman was trained by D. Hoggson, and received great credit on his trainer; as also did the Otter, who was trained by his brother-in-law, Tom Martin. A capital start was effected; the Pieman taking the lead for 200 yds, when the long and powerful stroke of the Otter was seen to gradually gain upon the Pieman, who evidently had been too eager at start, and rushed him gallantly, and came in, winning by two and a half lengths. W. Rippitt, Esq., acted as referee. The stakes were handed over to the winner at Emmerson's Hotel. Another match is on the tapis."

Continued, see with Question

COURSING.

FIXTURES FOR 1862.

PLACE.	COUNTRY.	JUDGE.	MEETING.
Bridekirk	Cumberland	Mr. A. Dalsell	2, 3
Brough and Catterick	Open Yorkshire		2, 3
Spelthorne Club	Salop	Mr. H. Walker	2, 3
Ashton Park	Berks	Mr. M. George	2 and f. d.
Higway Club	Southport Lancashire		2, 3, 4
Measuraven Club			
Kildare	Ireland	Mr. Westropp	3 and f. d.
Tattershall, Open	Lincolnshire	Mr. E. Spanford	3 and f. d.
Cork Southern Club	Ireland		9
Sturby	Derbyshire	Mr. Warwick	9, 10, 11
Mounstonside Club	Northampton	Mr. H. Walker	11, 12
Wellesbourne	Warwickshire	Mr. Warwick	11, 12
Apley Park	Salop	Mr. Chenington	15, 16
Alcester Club	Shropshire	Mr. Warwick	17
Baldock Champion	Open Herts	Mr. Warwick	17, 18, 19
Spelthorne Club	Hampton		
Cort	Middlesex	Mr. Warwick	23, 24

JANUARY, 1862.

Amicable Club	Middlesex	Mr. Warwick	6, 7
County Club	Open	Mr. Walker	7, 8
County South Club	Ireland	Mr. R. Westropp	7, 8
Spelthorne Club	Hampton		
Cork Southern Club	Ireland		13, 14
Kilkenny Club	County Ireland	Mr. Westropp	14 and f. d.
Alcester Club	Lancashire		21, 22

Ridway Club	Lancashire		24, 4, 5
Cardington Club		Mr. Warwick	4 and f. d.
Diamond Club	Northampton	Mr. Walker	4 and f. d.
Ardsion Club	Shropshire		11
Kilkenny Club	Ireland		11 and f. d.
Baldock Club	Salop	Mr. Warwick	11, 12
Newport	Salop	Mr. T. E. Issard	11, 12
Spelthorne Club	Place not fixed	Mr. Warwick	17, 18, 19
Ashton Park	Berks	Mr. M. George	24 and f. d.

MARCH.

Kilkenny Club	Ireland	Mr. Westropp	11 and f. d.
Measuraven Club	Northampton		11 and f. d.
Amicable Club	Middlesex		17
County South Club	Ireland		17

APRIL.

Cork Southern Club	Cham-		8
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SCARBOROUGH GREAT OPEN COURSING MEETING.

The following appeared in our Second Edition of last week:—
TUESDAY.
 At the kindness of Lord Londborough the first day's coursing of this, the chief Northern meeting, was held over Seamer estate. The hares were strong and the sport very good, but the frosty weather interfered with progress early in the day. The country was good, as is usual at this meeting, but numerically the importance of the meet has suffered somewhat, owing no doubt, to so many of the northern kennels being absent. Subjoined is the return of the day's proceedings.

THE GREAT NORTHERN ST. LEGER, for Greyhounds.
First Ties.
 Mr. Peat's Pilot beat Mr. Dutton's Benoni.
 Mr. Knight's Knapsack beat Mr. Hanson's Milled Sherry.
 Mr. Noble's Rose-a-May beat Mr. Hodson's Hilda (1).
 Mr. Friday's Hippogriff (late Brillant) beat Mr. Shaw's Wizard.
 Mr. Green's Great Gun beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Green's Gaddy beat Mr. Blashard's Buxton (2).
 Mr. Green's First Beater beat Mr. Blashard's Silcock (1).
 Mr. Blashard's Boanerges beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Green's Gossamer beat Mr. Dutton's Bribina.
Second Ties.
 Pilot beat Knapsack, Rose-a-May beat Hippogriff, Great Gun beat Pirate Boanerges beat Gaddy, and Gossamer ran a bye.
THE LONDBOROUGH CHAMPION STAKES, for Greyhounds.
First Ties.
 Lord Binning's Dribery beat Mr. Bateman's Vex.
 Mr. Bateman's Silcock beat Mr. Hodson's Wizard.
 Mr. Lawrence's Lucy beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Blashard's Bunter beat Mr. Noble's Banjo.
 Mr. Peat's Adien beat Mr. Bateman's Slip (1).
 Mr. Woodward's Wild Duck beat Mr. Peat's Silverhair.
 Mr. Butterworth's Blucher beat Mr. Bell's Blueberry.
 Mr. Birdsell's Bull beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Butterworth's Countess beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
Second Ties.
 Dribery beat Silcock (1), Lucy beat Bunter, Adien drawn after running an undecided course with Wild Duck, Bunter drawn an undecided course, and Countess ran a bye.

WEDNESDAY.

The meet this morning was at Seamer. The ground was extremely hard frozen, but rain soon fell, and a rapid thaw commenced, which enabled good progress to be made. The company was very numerous, and the sport the best possible. Hares were strong, and the trials very good. At night the running stood as follows:—
THE GREAT NORTHERN ST. LEGER, for Greyhounds.
First Ties.
 Mr. R. Green's Great Gun beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. R. Green's Gossamer beat Mr. Noble's Rose-a-May.
 Mr. Blashard's Boanerges ran a bye.
Fourth Ties.
 Great Gun beat Boanerges, and Gossamer ran a bye.
 There was no docking in the morning. Great Gun and Gossamer belong to Mr. R. Green, who obtained the stakes.
THE LONDBOROUGH CHAMPION STAKES, for Greyhounds.
Second Ties.
 Mr. Birdsell's Bull beat Mr. Butterworth's Blucher (1), and Mr. Butterworth's Countess ran a bye.
Third Ties.
 Lucy beat Bribery, Wild Duck beat Countess, and Bull ran a bye.
Fourth Ties.
 Lucy beat Bull, and Wild Duck ran a bye.
THE LONDBOROUGH PURSE, for Greyhounds.
 Great Gun beat Countess, and Bull ran out in the first course of the Champion Stakes.
First Ties.
 Mr. Hodson's Wizard beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Silverhair beat Mr. Blashard's Slip.
 Mr. Bell's Blueberry beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur ran a bye.
Second Ties.
 Wizard beat Wild Hyacinth (1), Silverhair beat Sabreur, and Blackberry ran a bye.

THE DRESSON CUP.

First Ties.
 Mr. Jones's Blossom beat Mr. Ekefield's Fly.
 Mr. Glave's Polly beat Mr. Percy's Bess (owing (1)).
 Mr. Stephenson's Bluecap beat Mr. Leighton's Bridgeman.
 Mr. Barker's Kettle drum beat Mr. Chapman's Follow Me.
 Mr. Hodson's Hilda beat Mr. Cockerill's Marquis.
 Mr. Bell's Blucher beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
Second Ties.
 Blossom beat Glave's Polly, Kettle drum beat Bluecap, Bell's Knight beat Hilda, and St. Louis beat Mr. Newton's Polly.

ALTCOR COURSING CLUB MEETING.

THURSDAY.

CROCKETT STAKES, for Rich Puppies.
First Ties.
 Mr. Jones's Jovialite beat Mr. Randall's Levee.
 Mr. Brundell's Pig of Fashion beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Lord Sefton's Skylark beat Mr. Jones's Jovialite.
 Mr. Borron's Bohemian Girl beat Mr. Mather's Marchioness.
 Lord Beattie's Bobolink beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Spinks's Sea Girl beat Lord Sefton's Skylark.
 Mr. Brougham's Beam of Light beat Mr. Jones's Just-lighted.
 Mr. Borron's Bright Colours beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Lord Sefton's Seaside beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Gordon's Guileless beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Jones's Just-lighted beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Robertson's Rakey Girl beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Lord Sefton's Solo beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.

THE ALTCOR CUP.

First Ties.
 Mr. Jones's Jovialite beat Mr. Randall's Levee.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
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 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.

Mr. Brougham's Bardolph beat Lord Sefton's Skylark.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.

SATURDAY.

THE MOLLY STAKES.
Second Ties.
 Mr. Worrall's Wallacey beat Mr. Borron's Bantyre.
 Mr. Gibson's Golden Dream beat Mr. Sefton's Let-go.
 Mr. Jones's Jovialite beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Mr. Peat's Sabreur beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.

THE SEFTON STAKES for Dog Puppies.
Fifth Ties.
 Lord Grey de Wilton's Glendower beat Mr. Gordon's Great Expectations.
 Lord Sefton's Streamer ran a bye.
Deciding Course.
 Glendower beat Streamer, and Mr. Peat's Pilot.
CROCKETT STAKES for Rich Puppies.
Fourth Ties.
 Mr. Spinks's Sea Girl beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
 Lord Sefton's Solo beat Mr. Peat's Pilot.
Deciding Course.
 Sea Girl beat Solo, and won.

THE ALTCOR STAKES.
Fourth Ties.
 Mr. Brocklebank's Briar ran a bye.
 Mr. Spinks's Sea Rock beat Lord Sefton's Stockings.
Deciding Course.
 Briar beat Sea Rock, and won.
THE ALTCOR CUP.
Deciding Course.
 Mr. Lister's A Choice beat Mr. Jones's Jovialite, and won the cup.

BURON COURSING MEETING.—The above meeting has been postponed to Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th and 17th December, in order to avoid clashing with cricket.

CRICKET.

NOTTINGHAM COUNTY CRICKET MATCHES FOR 1863.

(From our own Correspondent.)
 A NUMEROUS and highly influential meeting of the subscribers to the fund for the support of the cricket matches of the county of Nottingham was held on Friday last, at the Spread Eagle Tavern (kept by Sam Parr), the well-known batsman, Long-row, Nottingham. The accounts for the past year were audited, and found to be in a satisfactory state, a balance of no less than £100 being left, after all expenses had been discharged. It was decided that, in addition to the £100, to be played at Eastwood, home and home matches should be played with the counties of York and Kent, respectively; and it was also resolved by the secretary, Mr. John Johnson, that a match for the benefit of the unemployed, Frank Turner, be made between eleven of the county and fourteen of the Free Foresters' Club, to take place on August 2nd. The County Match Committee agreed to patronise and support the said match, in recognition of the cricketing and other merits of Frank Turner, who, it is well known, has not of late been in the most affluent circumstances. A circular, from the Marylebone Cricket Club, was read in reference to the "vexed question" of *high bowling*, and the committee, after some discussion, and after some discussion, the following resolution, which will be found of great interest to the cricketing world, was adopted:—That the reduction of the height of the hand in bowling be abolished, but that throwing or jerking be discontinued, and that all clubs see that the law is carried out by their players to the very letter of the law. This was the whole of the business transacted, and the meeting terminated with votes of thanks to the chairman (Mr. E. P. Coy) and to the secretary (Mr. John Johnson).

THE EDMUNDS NEWINGTON CRICKET CLUB met at dinner in the Rainbow Hotel on Thursday evening last, to celebrate the wind-up of another successful season. A large number of the most influential members were present, Capt. Tillie in the chair. The usual loyal toasts having been given and responded to, a bumper was drunk to the future prosperity of the club. The chairman then read the "Cricket" was proposed by Mr. Purves in very suitable terms, and met with a hearty response. The chairman then read the "Cricket" was proposed by Mr. Purves in very suitable terms, and met with a hearty response. The chairman then read the "Cricket" was proposed by Mr. Purves in very suitable terms, and met with a hearty response.

BOWLERS ENGAGED FOR NEXT SEASON AT LORD'S GROUND.—The following bowlers have been engaged for Lord's Ground, for the season of 1863:—G. Baker, of Kent; G. Chatterton, of Yorkshire; T. Hearne, of Buckinghamshire; C. Robinson, of Yorkshire; H. Royston, of Middlesex; S. Biddall, the famous young wicket-keeper, of Nottingham; T. Bignell, of Devon; and Nottingham. "Jenny" Grady, H. Nixon, and G. Woodcock, of Nottingham. Of the above ten bowlers five are engaged from Nottinghamshire, Biddall and Bignell made their debut in the last Nottinghamshire match.

HALIFAX CLUB.—The closing of the season of this club was celebrated by a most substantial supper, provided by Mr. Priestley, and attended by upwards of seventy members, in the Mechanic's Hall, on Friday last. The chair was taken by E. Foster, Esq., Mr. T. G. Booth, hon. secretary, read the report, which spoke well for all concerned in the management of the club. After the report, Major Hollisworth responded in a most able manner. The chairman then proposed a vote of thanks to the officers. Mr. Crupper sang with his usual good taste. The health of the "Professional" was responded for by a song, written for the occasion by Mr. W. Swain, which contained many humorous allusions to the local cricketers, and which, it is hardly necessary to say, was well received. Mr. B. Walker was presented with the prize list, as showing the best average of the season. The committee promised to use double diligence, and hope to bring the "Eleven" to play upon their new ground (which is now being enlarged) for the first time next season. After the health of the club and Vice, &c., &c., the party broke up.

KNURR AND SPELL.

(To the Editor of "The Illustrated Sporting News.")

SIR,—Having read your very interesting account of the game of knurr and spell between Kirk Stables and Job Pearson, together with a short history and explanation of the game in your ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS of Nov. 8th, I thought it possible that a few remarks from the remote corner of my modest dominions, showing with what interest your really valuable paper is read by us here would cheer you in your arduous undertaking, as well as show that the love of genuine Old English sports is not confined to any county or class, although I believe Lancashire is less noted for its sports and pastimes than many other counties (if we except rifle-shooting, in which, I believe, we stand something above the average of the rest of the country). The knurr and spell was much played in this county, some of the old men of the present day being noted players at that time. Shrove Tuesday was then, and even within the last twenty years, wholly given up to the game. I recall that the knurr and spell was yet vigorously played upon the above-named day. The Lancashire term for knurr and spell is "Kibble and Knurrspell," the punnet being the kibble. One variety of the game was the *shove*, in which the knurr and spell of the game and the other was similar in shape to a shoemaker's last. The game was played by sticking a certain number of sticks in the ground at equal distances, and the player drove the knurr past as many sticks as possible, each stick counting in the game. The other terms were similar to those used in your paper, viz., scores, rises, &c., &c. I remain, Sir, Editor, yours respectfully, I. HILL.

GOLF.

GREAT MATCH FOR £200.

The first competition of a match between William Park, of Musselburgh, and Tom Morris, of Prestwick, took place on the links at Musselburgh, on Friday last, at twelve o'clock. The high position which Park and Morris have gained among the golfers of the world, and the renown which they might be expected from them, attracted a large attendance, among whom were some of our greatest professionals and amateurs. Among the gentlemen present were David Kennedy, Major Bethune, Colonel Lowrie, Mr. Banks, Capt. McWhannel, Robert Cowan, Esq.; Norman Mitchell Innes, Esq.; Gilbert Mitchell Innes, Esq.; Ord G. Campbell, Esq.; James Blackwood, Esq.; Henry Blair, Esq., &c., &c. Major Bethune, who acted as referee, thought the match in the morning was clear and bracing in the afternoon, and the ground, notwithstanding the damp, was in excellent condition. The conditions of the match are, that thirty-six holes are to be played on each of four rounds, the

first being Musselburgh. The winner of most holes is to be the winner. The playing was on both sides magnificent, each golfer hitting with the utmost coolness and steadiness. Every stroke was watched with eagerness by the spectators, and the competitors were followed round the field with the greatest interest. On starting for the first round, Morris won the first two holes, Park the next three, the remaining four being halved. In the second round Morris won four holes, Park two, the other two being halved. Morris, who at this point was playing very steadily, was one hole ahead at the finish of this round, Park missing a short "put" at the last hole. In the third round Morris won three holes, Park one, the others being halved. At the commencement of the last round Morris was three holes ahead; Park won the first hole, halved the second, won the third, but was unable, notwithstanding very fine play, to win another. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh holes were halved. Morris won the eighth, and the last was halved. Morris thus won the game by two holes after a very close contest, there being only a difference of one stroke between the competitors. The strokes were: Morris, 168; Park, 169. The other competitions will be duly reported in our columns.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

DECEMBER.

1—Jerry Sullivan and W. Sullivan—£5 a side, catch weight, Birmingham.
 2—Nobby George and W. Ryan—£5 a side, at 74th, Home Circuit.
 11—Patsy Russell and Jim Dillon—£10 a side, at 1st, 2nd, Home Circuit.
 15—Bobby Taylor and Pat Duffy—£10 a side, catch weight, Birmingham.
 16—D. Fellows and J. Cook—£10 a side, at 84th.
 22—Hoban and J. Murphy—Murphy staking £15 to £10, within fifty miles of Liverpool.
 23—Young Broome and an Unknown—50 a side, catch weight, Home Circuit.
 28—Cody and Jim Rawlins, £20 a side, catch weight, at 1st, Hall district.
 31—Flood Donavan and Clump—£25 a side, catch weight, Home Circuit.
 4—Horton and Cattle—£15 a side, at 74th, half way between Huddersfield and Manchester.
JANUARY, 1863.
 7—Young Carpenter and Rowe—£20 a side, Midland Circuit.
 13—James and Stephens—£20 a side, Midland Circuit.
 28—Smiley and Young Hardy—£25 a side, catch weight, Home Circuit.

THE GREAT PASSAGE OF ARMS

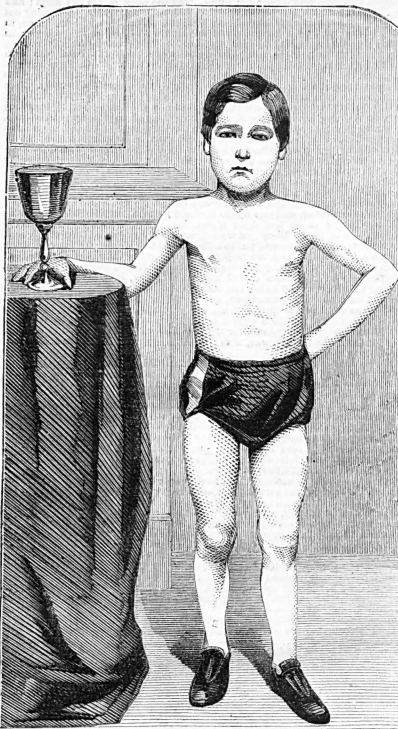
JEM MACE AND TOM KING,
 FOR FOUR HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS
 AND
THE CHAMPION'S BELT OF ENGLAND,
 ON WEDNESDAY.

To games of science, art points out the way;
 Chance aids but little—skill decides the play.—ANON.
 "Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
 No more be sudden, and begin the fight.
 Thou meetest a chief deserving of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred to such like waies,
 But open be our fight and bold our blow—
 I stoel no conquest from a noble foe."
 HECTOR AND AJAX—HOMER'S ILLAD.

"Yet many doughty warriors often tried
 In greater perils to be stout and bold;
 But none the sternness of his look abide;
 Dear so as they their countenance behold,
 Aegan to faint, and feel their courage cold.
 A few some other, that in hard assault
 Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
 Either through gifts or guile, or such like waies,
 Crept in by stooping low, or stealing of the waies."
 SPENCER ON DANGER.

WEDNESDAY last was a glorious red-letter day for the fancy, and we have been by no means out of our reckoning when we adverted so fully and cordially in former numbers to the growing importance which has attached itself to the match ever since the articles were published. It was clearly a vexed question on both sides as to the actual merits of the two adversaries at the finish of their engagement near Godstone in the opening month of the year—King having quite as many advocates in his favour as Mace. The public, therefore, could not fail to be gratified when the *affaire d'honneur* assumed the aspect of a second battle-royal between the patens. The January contest was over, the pair frantically took sparring benches with great success, and it was not until Mace had covered Brittle's money for a Birmingham unknown that King took umbrage at Mace for not giving him the first chance for regaining his lost laurels. How more particularly the knotty dispute was carried on between the Damon and Pythias of a former hour, is more especially alluded to under another head. When the articles had been published, the growing importance of the match had been marked in the conduct of both parties, who seemed to feel deeply the absolute necessity of keeping square, in order to maintain the high estimation in which they were both considered by their friends and patrons, who rallied round them with becoming zeal and interest. Mace started a circus of his own, and King accepted a good weekly engagement with Ginnett's circus; and both parties, we have every reason to believe, proved a great attraction to the community in whatever district they made their motting. Their mutual friends, Mr. Tom Sayers with his levitating establishment, and John C. Heenan, the Bonica Boy, at Howe and Cushing's mammoth circus. All fouristic heroes were soliciting the sympathies of the public at one and the same time, and the taste for pugilism did not appear, from these circumstances, at all events, to denote any decline of the prize ring. Certainly, the unfavourable issue of many encounters during the past season has been anything but a gratifying character, but as the fact well known to the by-gones, it is absolutely useless to broach each particular subject again. In due course of time, the men went into active training—Mr. Coney, of the Haymarket, transacting all business on the part of Mace, and Mr. William Richardson, of the Blue Anchor, Church-street, Shoreditch, formerly *Jem's fidus achates*, managing the affairs of King. The former took his farewell of the public at his own house, King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, the week previous to the Cesarewitch meeting at the metropolis of the turf, and went into active training on the Heath, under the careful eye of John Howard, of Bradford, and he has likewise had the benefit of the good advice and long experience of Harry Branton, the favourite second of the renowned Tom Sayers. How he progressed in condition a glance at him on Wednesday most indubitably proved. He was always, however, a good worker, and fully came up to Howard's expectations, the trainer being delighted with his tactics. The reputation of the second grand struggle with the Titan from Limehouse. He lived in the same house where Sayers did. The week subsequent to this King bestirred himself, and bade farewell to his friends at Mr. Hendebourne's, the Lion and Lamb, Fore-street, Limehouse, and bore with him to his training quarters the hearty good wishes of a large and powerful circle of friends, who expressed their sincere intention of carrying him through this engagement regardless of either trouble, time, or expense. Mace had for his colours one of the most splendid and richly variegated handkerchiefs ever remembered to have seen. It was designed by an artist at Norwich, specially for this occasion, and was executed at the well-known establishment of Mr. Browne, the linen mercer, of Cheap-side. It is a white ground, in the centre of which is a full-length portrait of Mace, in fighting attitude. At each corner of the kerchief are introduced the Norwich coat of arms, and interlaced with the deep and broad purple ground are excellent medallion portraits of Tom King, Sam Hurst, Bob Travers, and Bob Brittle, all of whom have fallen before him in fair fight. The sale for them has, we learn, been unprecedented, and a more glowing memento for the occasion could not have been manufactured. King went into training at the Bald-faced Stag, Woodford, Essex, where we have had frequent opportunities of seeing him, in company with his trainer, Bos Tyler—Mr. Tyler, a former broadsword, officiating as a capoteur, or mentor in the affair. His colours were Indian silk, with a white ground, and a richly-decorative border of flowers, yellow and mauve, finishing with pines in the four corners. He looked better than ever we saw him.

On the stakes for this match being handed to Bendigo, a fortnight after the fight, that eccentric individual for the last time announced that, feeling satisfied with his performances, he now really intended to retire from the ring; and once more did the title of champion go begging. Not long did it remain in abeyance, for the Tipster, Slasher, who had for some time had his eye upon the proud position, shortly announced that he was ready and willing to uphold his rights to it against all comers. He said he would fight any man breathing the name of champion for £200, £300 a side, or he would stake £350 to £300, and fight



M. & W.

YOUNG THOMAS.

(From a Photograph by Thackeray, 43, Castle-street, Liverpool.)

GEORGE TAYLOR.

ALTHOUGH defeated by the Champion Broughton, yet he stood so high upon the list as a prime article in vanquishing the mighty Slack and other pugilists of note, and rendering himself popular in succeeding Figg as master of the amphitheatre, that we cannot pass over his last set-to without respectful mention, and by placing him in a proper situation after those renowned heroes. The noted Tom Faulkner, celebrated for his knowledge of cricket and pugilism, and who had been twice milled by George, yet still thought there was another chance left, and therefore challenged Taylor for two hundred guineas and the door-money. Taylor, who had grown old in the service, and now kept the Fountain Tavern, Deptford, where he lived in peace and quietness, serving his customers, smoking his pipe, and recounting of his battles, yet the place still remained, and he accepted the challenge without hesitation. It was to be decided near St. Alban's in Hertfordshire. Faulkner, although the odds were

against him, sported all he possessed, and felt confident of winning. The combatants knew each other, and that no time should be lost on either side, it was a complete hammering set-to. For the first twelve or thirteen rounds Faulkner was punished dreadfully, and thumped several times without making any return. The fourteenth round proved a proper trial of skill and strength; at length Faulkner levelled Taylor, when the odds began to drop a little, and Faulkner was getting into favour. George, finding that his man gained upon him, began to shift, and fell now and then without a blow, which occasioned considerable murmuring, and the friends of Faulkner insisted that he had won the battle, but Faulkner was above taking any advantage and wished to fight it out. The combatants set to more furiously than ever, and the knowing ones were puzzled how to sport their cash with any degree of certainty, the chances were so various, and the conquest so doubtful. Taylor, inspired with the thoughts of his former victories and his fame, fought like a hero thirsting after more glory; and Faulkner, recollecting that it must either make or break him, stood up like a lion, without a particle of fear. The spectators were astonished at the intrepidity displayed. After a most terrible conflict of an hour and seventeen minutes, the veteran George Taylor blushed to acknowledge that he was conquered. Greater courage and skill could not be displayed; and it was entertained by the sporting men that had not Taylor laboured under the manifest disadvantage of an eye (which he had been blind of for some years) Faulkner could never have lost him, as the contest was only put an end to by Taylor's having the other eye closed from a dreadful blow given by Faulkner upon it. Neither of the combatants were able to walk off the ground. Taylor died in three months after this set-to.

HENRY GURR.

HENRY GURR may fairly be considered the champion swimmer of youths under 16, having never yet lost a race, and having carried off some 9 or 10 prizes, among which was a silver star, presented to him on the 14th of May last by Mr. Beckwith. Henry Gurr received his first lesson, two years ago, from Mr. Dunham, of Endell-street, who, though no great swimmer, is a most experienced teacher, having, in addition to his numerous payment pupils, taught swimming the last two years to more than 250 of the workhouse boys. Henry Gurr's challenge to swim any on his own age for £10 a side not having been answered, we shall hope next season to hear of his success among some older and worthier competitors.

YOUNG THOMAS.

WE this week give a portrait of Young Thomas, alias the "Wonder," of Liverpool. He is nine years of age, but his performances have been very numerous, having been successful in many matches against time. He also met and defeated Young Bevin, 11 years old, one mile, running the first half and walking the remainder, for £25 a side, at the Old Strawberry Gardens, in July last; he also won a silver cup at Mount Vernon, where he walked one mile 8 min and 5 sec, and more recently won a match against time at the Zoological Gardens.

HUNTING.

APPOINTMENTS.

FOX-HOUNDS.

Sir C. Constable's stag-hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Preston, at 10.30.
Mr. Noster's hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Epperston Village, at 10.45.
The Albrighton hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at High Onn, at 10.45.
Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds will meet on Saturday November 29, at Dretby Park, at 10.45.
The Rufford hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Warsop Windmill, at 10.45.
The Badsorth hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Cudworth, at 10.30.
The Atherstone hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Shustock, at 11.
Mr. W. W. Taily's hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Lees-thorpe, at 11.
The Pychley hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Ashby St. Ledgers, at 10.45.
Sir W. Wynn's hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Styche, at 10.30.
The Bramham Moor hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Bardsey, at 10.30.
The Warwickshire hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Billesley Hall, at 10.30.
Lord H. Bentinck's hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Midge Inn, at 11.
The Cheshire hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Aston Hall; Tower, Thursday, December 4, at Bradwall Hall; Saturday, December 6, at Marbury; each morning at 10.30.
The Vine Hounds met on Saturday last, at Hannington. Drew the Scrubs, ran very nearly to Nutley Copse, when a second fox, which had been "routed" out of the Scrubs, ran right into the hands of the hounds. During this episode the first fox got away, but was quickly overtaken by Nutley. He naved his brush for the nonce by running to ground. He was dug out in twenty minutes, and given to his staunch and swift pursuers. Hunting is, for the present, stopped by the frost.
Lord Hastings's fox-hounds will meet on Tuesday, December 2nd, at Runhall Village; on Friday, December 5th, at Fulmeston Village; on Tuesday, December 9, at Oulton; on Friday, December 12th, at Duker's Bridge; on Tuesday, December 16, at Gressenhall; on Friday, December 19, at Plumstead Mill; on Tuesday, December 23rd, at Elms; on Friday, December 26, at Snoring Green Man; on Tuesday, December 30, at Crummers Beck, Bristol—each morning at 11.
The Suffolk fox-hounds will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Honington Fox, at 10.45.

HARRIERS.

The High Peak Harriers will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Lord Deuman's, Stoney, Middleton, at 12.
The Abbey Holme Harriers will meet on Saturday, November 29, at Parsonage at 8.30.
The Eamont Harriers will meet on Saturday, November, at Newton, at 10.30.

MELANCHOLY DEATH IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—On Tuesday week, at the Incehough hounds were hunting in Tullyhean, near Dromore, John Nicholson, Esq., the master of the hunt, whilst turning an angle of the road, was observed to fall heavily from his horse. He was immediately carried into Tullyhean House, the residence of John Lindsay, Esq., where he had lunched only a short time previously. Dr. Hawthorne, of Dromore, who happened to be in the field, and subsequently Dr. Hawthorne, of Banbridge, were promptly in attendance, but life was extinct. The medical gentlemen expressed an opinion that death must have been from disease of the heart.—*Northern Whig.*

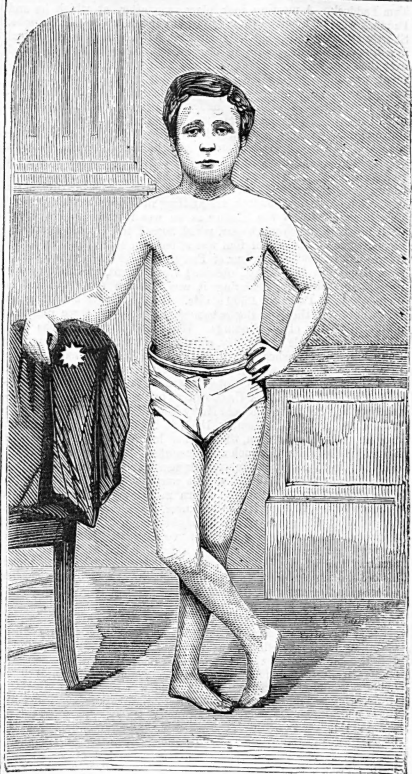
LEAS MINNART'S HOUNDS.—The great annual "field day" of this hunt, the Langton Wold meet, came off on the 17th inst. The weather was fine and summer-like, and the world probably never on any similar occasion presented a more gay and animated appearance. The early trains brought masters and many of the gentlemen of the neighbouring hunts. Upwards of 150 horsemen and a great many ladies were amongst the field, besides some hundreds of pedestrians. On the arrival of Lord and Lady Middleton, word was given for Welham, the seat of Mr. Robert Bower. After two covers had been tried blank, a fox was found at home in a third; but he could not be persuaded to leave, and after being rallied about for nearly an hour, the cover being large, and the lion's share of the sport falling to the foot people, among whom both fox and hounds were frequently intermingled, poor Reynard was worried close at home, and the magnificent field went off to Birdslaw without having had a run.

THE MIDLANDS.—We learn that, one day last week, the Hon. H. C. Lowther, M.P., showed a large covey of "pinks" and a capital covey of foxes in the noted Hanksborough Gorse. After several rings, a fox took across the finest country in Leicestershire, in the direction of Burrow Hills, where the scent failed. The day was, however, a good one, although its pleasures were marred by a collar-bone fracture which occurred during the run to one member of the field. Mr. Taily's hounds have also had a good run at Holt, drawing the wood and small spinneys all blank. In Stoke End a fine fox was found, which headed for Bishbrook Gorse, closely followed by Goddard and the hounds, and a very good field. Seaton, Lyddington, Caldecott, and Greston were the next points, and here Reynard escaped, almost in view of the pursuers, and after a severe run over eleven miles of the stiffest country possible.

THE TORQUAY HARRIERS.—A meeting in connection with the Torquay Hunt, took place on Wednesday last, at the Queen's Hotel. W. H. Kison, Esq., president, and the following members of the committee were present: Messrs. William Ball, E. Bond, Whiteley, J. J. Kison, S. Cus, Thomas Webb, G. Hearder, Macochey, and Smart. It was proposed that a dinner should be given by invitation to landowners and farmers of the district, such dinner to take place during the Christmas holidays, and that a committee, consisting of Messrs. E. Bond, S. Cus, and T. Webb, be appointed to carry out the arrangements. The motion was unanimously acceded to, and it was stated that persons not immediately connected with the hunt had promised to attend and evince their interest in the hunt and its obligations to the gentry and farmers of the neighbourhood. The honorary secretary reported that the finances showed a marked improvement on the last year, and the master was requested to make inquiries for a competent person as whip and kennel-man. In future, the harriers will meet at 10.45, instead of 10.30 as heretofore.

THE HERO OF FARNBOROUGH IN A POLICE-COURT.

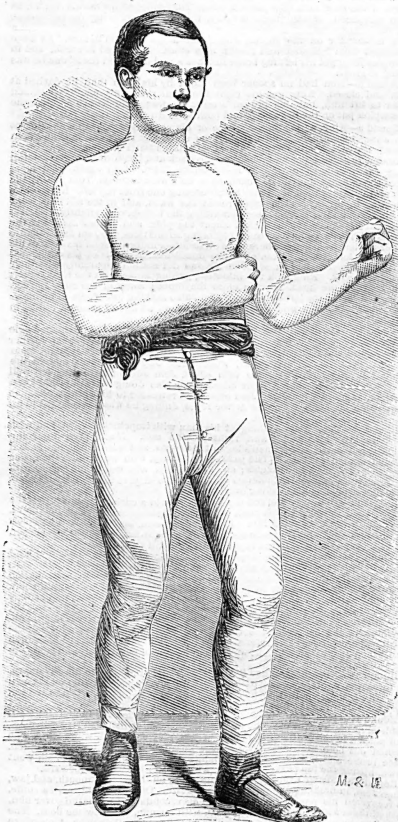
At the Hatfield Petty Sessions, on Monday week, the redoubtable hero of Farnborough appeared in the position of defendant. The case created some interest, and the court was well attended during the hearing of the evidence. It appeared that in October last Sayers was travelling with his circus from Smith to Thorne, and when he arrived at one of the toll-bars he refused to "come down with the rhino," on the ground that he had not travelled above a



HENRY GURR.

(From a Photograph.)

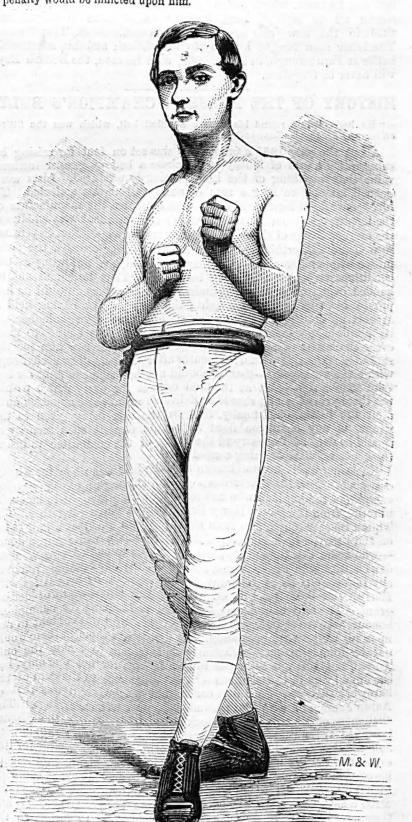
hundred yards along the road in question. After some parleying, during which the toll man became exceedingly irate, he was obliged to allow the champion to pass along, but determined to bring the matter before the "beaks." The same evening that prattling jade Dame Rumour asserts that Sayers and the infuriated little toll-bar man met together at a public-house, when the latter threatened to punch Tom's head, but does not appear to have carried his threat into corporal effect. In a short time after, however, he got a summons out against the ex-champion, and the hounds of the law were soon upon his track; but Sir Thomas had "gone away" long before this, and it was two or three weeks ere he was run to ground, and the summons served on him. On Monday he should have appeared in answer to it, but failed to do so, sending a note, however, instead, informing the court that he was too ill to attend. The magistrates ordered their clerk to write to him, stating that if the toll fares, together with the costs, amounting to £5, were not paid in a fortnight, a penalty would be indicated upon him.



M. & W.

JOE INNIS, LEEDS.

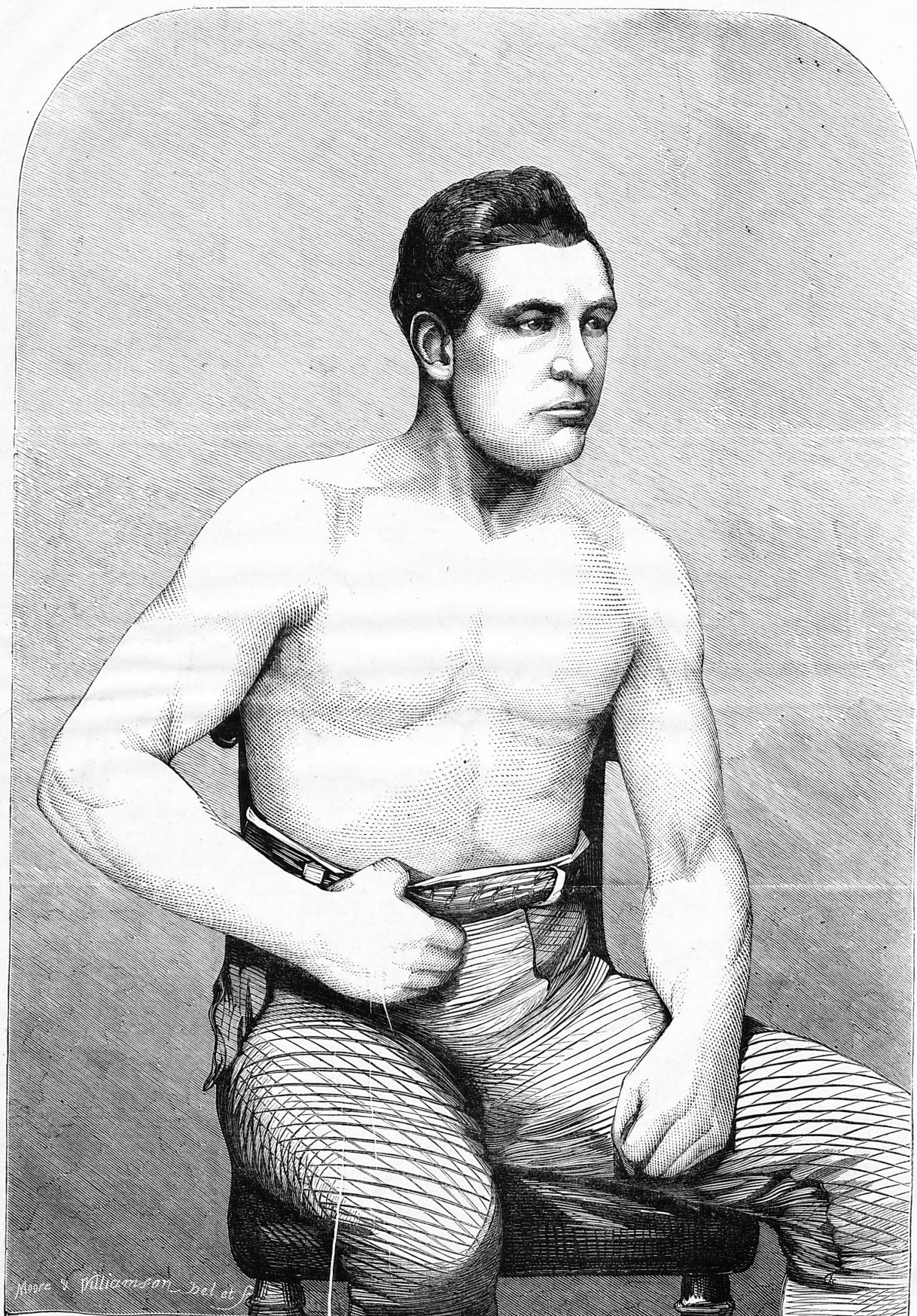
(From a Photograph by W. Gohard, Victoria-street, Grimsby.)



M. & W.

C. BALL, HULL.

(From a Photograph by W. Gohard, Victoria-street, Grimsby.)



JEM MACE.

(Enlarged from the original Photograph &c.)

tooner should offer, Coburn, we understand, has intimated his intention to visit England, and when there, may probably enter into a match to fight Mac. His friends fancy him for such a match, and a number are interesting themselves to make some sort of arrangement by which Coburn may have a trial for the championship of the world. We have heard of no such thing as yet, however, as they ought to do, made themselves happy under the circumstances; and the event which called them together was broached by one and all. Joey Jones, the eccentric one, occupied the chair, and, although it was all talk for some time, nothing was done in the shape of speculation until the arrival of Mr. Moss Philipps, Mace's chief backer, some military officers, Mr. Henry Jones, however, as they were bound to say we saw 7 to 4 laid on the Norfolk hero. The avidity, however, with which the friends of King showed at the fore was astonishing. Nothing, in their opinion, can lose him the battle—bar accident. In addition to the parties named as being present were Mr. John Gideon, the chief manager of Sayers's principal battles, and Jimmy Welsh, of the Griffin, Church-street, Borough.

It was all "cork and feather," and Mace never wasted his breath to answer it, in consequence of having ratified the articles with King. Now "Old Joe," who we really must think is "kicking up his heels behind and before," the time being here for the fourth time, and Mace was suited is a matter of historic silence or thought; and Mace Coburn is never heard of again to "talk, talk, talk" with the Britishers before a short time back, when his thoughts reverted to antagonism with Joe Goss, of Northampton. It is only on account of Goss being put upon his mettle now with Posh Price, of Birmingham, that we venture to introduce the under-mentioned extracts upon the subject from the transatlantic paper above-mentioned, notwithstanding that it does not immediately concern Mace, although there are many more unlikely things but what it may eventually do. The clipping was in our paper of the 8th inst., as follows:—

"PROSPECT OF ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

"In our last week's impression we extracted the following from *The New York Clipper*:—
"Coburn and Goss—Our Mace comes down with the Dux—Joe Coburn called again at our office on Monday, to say that he has deposited 250 dollars in proper hands for Joe's expenses to this country, and 50 dollars as a first deposit to bind the match. There now seems to be nothing to prevent a second international combat. Joe Coburn will fight here for from 1,000 dollars to 3,000 a side. If Goss is as anxious to fight as he was three months ago, he can now be on at his own price. What has Goss got to say to himself?
"We added this to our paper, and we were afterwards informed by our anxious contemporary to the effect that nothing can be done until after he has settled his difference with Posh Price, of Birmingham, when doubtless the matter will receive due attention."

"Our ideas upon the matter were fully confirmed, for Goss's friends immediately put themselves into communication with us upon the subject, and spoke for themselves:—
"To the Editor of the 'Illustrated Sporting News.'
"Dear Sir,—Seeing in your News of the 1st that Coburn will fight Goss on his own terms, will you please tell me when and where Coburn has staked the money you speak of, because Posh Price, of Birmingham, will not prevent Goss from making a match with him, as Joe is anxious to fight, and takes a benefit at my house on Tuesday next?
"Will you oblige me by an answer in your next or by post?
"Yours obediently,
"WILLIAM THOMAS, 'A BAKER OF GOSS,'
"November 6, 1862."

Our reply may be readily guessed. Not even up to this present hour of writing has he given a reference to his bankers. Has he, like Aaron Jones and Alf Walker, too, gone for a soldier. "Bully" for Goss.

"Our esteemed correspondent has put the self-same pertinent inquiry as we put to ourselves when we perused the *New York paper* alluded to. 'When and where has Coburn staked the money?' We have been unable to ascertain for us to do not find a single title of further information added in the same paper of a week's later date, and hence the original statement of Yankee Joe's having come down with the Dux appears to us to be a very vague and unsatisfactory foundation. We are sure, however, that the editor of the transatlantic print in question will, in all courtesy, assist us in affording the desired information, as the matter between Price and Goss is growing extremely short. As will be perceived, Goss's party seem anxious, and we shall be glad to open an immediate correspondence (private or otherwise) upon this subject with our brother of the quill across the Atlantic."—*EN. L.S.N.*

PERFORMANCES OF JEM MACE.

"But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface."

HAMLET.

This Norfolk hero was born at Beeston, near Swaffham, and never saw Norwich until he was fifteen years of age. He is of the Zingari origin, stands 5ft 9in, and was born in the year 1831. Mr. E. Braden says, "Oh! what a happiness to be born to that lower rank of life in which a man may go down to the grave, serenely unconscious of Rasselas, and die without having read *Telemachus* or *Charles the Twelfth*. Happy youth, not doomed to receive a liberal education! Not a single day of his life was wasted in idleness, nor does his position will ever break thy rest." In just such a limited school as that alluded to was our hero brought up; but if of humble origin so was Oliver Cromwell, Sir Edward Sugden, Pierce Egan, and others. But great men since the days of mythic history have been celebrated for being born in the best way they could. Like a modern Gil Bias in search of adventures, the world before him, he carelessly took the first path that presented itself, and with a light heart and a brave spirit, the "young master" set out to make his fortune. Thus it was, Jem was sent at an early age by his uncle, Barney Mace, to Swaffham fair; and it was upon this excursion he began to learn to spar. He was first "blooded," as Cecil would say in hunting parlance, with a man named Slack, for 25s a side, at Mildenhall, where Harry Broome and Orme fought, on the 2nd of October, 1855. At that time he weighed 10lb 10oz, he made a triumphant debut by clearing himself of his opponent, and in 9 rounds he again held a flush hand when he met Young Thorpe, on the 17th of February, 1857, down the Medway. This second successful trial lasted 27min, during which time 18 rounds were fought. Then followed his forfeitures upon two several occasions to Mike Madden, now the host of the Little Bell, St. John-street, Clerkenwell; and his conduct on this occasion was such that he was expelled from the world generally, and remarks were very free as to his possession of a white feather. It was pretty patent he was "absent without leave," and he was consequently put in the guard-room of public opinion. But it was equally clear, as Shakespeare said, there was more within than passeth show; that heart-encased was the living sap that was to cover his branches with verdure, and make the leafless trunk again glorious. Indeed, Master James took the lot of his indignation in good part. And, indeed, as a general rule, let it be laid down that the wisest plan in which to meet hard remarks on your want of an account on Fortune's ill-kept books is to take all things in good part. He was next pitted against Bob Brettle, down the river, on the 21st of September, 1858. Here he met with a remarkably easy defeat, for he was knocked completely out of time by the Portobello hero in exactly 5min in the second round. Posh Price, a Birmingham boxer, was next found as a customer for Mace, and the pair entered the ring on the 25th of January, 1859, for 25s a side. It was a rattling contest, and notwithstanding the *prestige* of Price never having been beaten, he was this time compelled to succumb to the Norfolk fighter, to whom was awarded the victory in 17min, 11 rounds. Mace beat Bob Travers, now the host of the Sun and Thirteen Cantons, Castle-street, Leicester-square, 2100s a side, 4 rounds, 21min, February 21, 1860, when the police interfered, and the battle was renewed the next day down the river, they fighting 91min, 57 rounds—Travers, according to the referee's decision, falling without a blow. Jem having reason to believe that Brettle had not acted exactly the thing to him, challenged Bob, and the couple were matched to fight their third round, in September, 1860. We had a two days' journey to Oxfordshire, and there on the Medway river, they fought 6 rounds in 12min, at Wallingford Station, and 7min, 5 rounds the next day, where Brettle was beaten, and Mace was in ecstasies at his now prominent position in the Ring. Jem thus found whole troops of friends at the East-end, and they, nothing daunted, posted the corianders for a match between their pet and Sam Hurst, of Staleybridge, who had succeeded in giving a quietus to the Norfolk hero, of Heddlid. It was just before the consummation of this ambitious match that he was "at home" to all comers at his popular drum—The King John—and the topic of fighting was forced upon the company present; and this would clearly show in what points his thoughts were directed at that particular period. Win or lose this, Jem avowed on his own hearthstone—and where the little Spider used to weave his cunning devices and strategy of boxing for the East-enders, within the portals of The

King John, situated in one of the many lanes that have made Jane Shore's ditch so notorious—that he should never be satisfied till he had beat Joe Goss, the St. Crispin representative of Northamptonshire, as it was, it was well known, the conqueror of Willy Duncan, that willing and attentive inspector of the ring, and others were then present. One of the company said he thought that Jamesy had better leave off after that approaching fight; many old "blagues" who had learnt a wrinkle or two while bearing down to Gravesend slyly intimating that there was nothing like leather, that the pitcher that was too hot for the fire was sure to go to the bottom, and many other arguments. Why the fistic strong man, *ad hominem* should not be, for precaution's sake, enforced, Man Friday—not he of the swarthy tint, De Foe's great original—glanced askant at his master, whom he then well served, and he knew his modern Robinson Crusoe meant it, and that it would take a coach and six horses to drag the idea from his caput, which looked as quaint and as composed as ever. It was matter of question whether the stout hero, who never doubted Jem had would be accompanied by the strong hand to render (so his partisans averred) so rich a balance in his favour, as implied. Mace was roused by these words from a momentary reverie, in which the struggle between him and Hurst and its conflicting chances were evidently flitting across his fancy; and he all tersely replied was, "Well, I have been long convinced I can beat Goss, and certainly should like to fight him." He then, any one who would have said, but still Mace was that aspect that a singularity of hope and purposes not to be slighted. Like Dr. Fell, he was clearly of opinion, if the veritable Lavater himself had been present and had gained the slightest inkling possible of phrenology in pugilistic circles (and in this respect it is certainly a field of research), that a man convinced against his will was of the same opinion still. It may fairly be taken for granted, that the conversation then, after Master Staleybridge, then Jem deemed that levitation matter over, the struggle for fistic supremacy on the 18th of June, 1861, in the home circuit, when the Infant "collapsed," and Mace was first hailed by the proud title of Champion of England, after fighting fifty minutes, eight rounds. Having now attained the height of his ambition, and obtained possession of the belt Tom Sayers and Heenan contended for, he was compelled to accept all challenges, and Nat Langham backed Tom King against him, under the usual conditions. The mill took place in January of the present year. Forty-two rounds were fought in one hour and eight minutes, as will be perceived from a contemporary's description of the encounter, which we append, in order to show a contrast between that and the tourney of the current week. It was now that Discord lifted her head 'tween Richardson and Mace; and after the first onslaught, King's fall out of play, Nat Langham, instantly took the levitation "tomb" by the hand to play his cards against "our Jamesy," who, to some extent, was looked upon as renegade to the East-end division, having taboored them for the sake of the swells of the West. "This severance of old ties," for the host of the Blue Anchor stood firmly at the back of the Norfolk representative on the last occasion of his fighting—naturally enough engendered a great feeling of party feeling, and, in some way amusing, to the disinterested admirer of ring doings, to hear various pros and cons upon this delicate matter. So far as self-opinion goes, he was evidently armed against all chances. The East and the West had their bickerings; and the gentlemen division from the purlieus of Belgravia always differed in the latitude and longitude of things as carried on at the East-end. As to the latter compliment of humanity, it might be said with Byron that, as regarded Mace—
They wanted but a leader, and they found
One to their cause immeasurably bound.

Jem assimilated in weight with Sayers, his predecessor, more than did any other brace of boxers that have ever figured as heroes of championship exhibition. Like Sir Thomas De Sayers, too, he was pitted and *feet*—cups, belts, the sterling evidences of the world's wealth, and trinkets galore, all flowed into his coffers, as he passed from shire to shire throughout the United Kingdom, amidst the ovations of the more impulsive atoms of our commonwealth.

PERFORMANCES OF TOM KING.

"I like a man of his inches, goodly put together, with his head in the air."

ADAM BED.

This fine athlete was born in Silver-street, Stepney, in 1836, stands 6ft 11in in height, and weighs 13st. His first appearance in the P.R. was with Tommy Truckle, of Portsmouth, for 250 a side, 49 rounds, 62min, down the river, on the 27th of November, 1860. This was not considered such a wonderful performance, from the simple circumstance of Truckle being in the same yellow leaf of life—as regards his pugilistic career—and King was a fine fresh champion, fit to fight for anything. He has been a sailor, and previously to the meeting between him and Truckle received forfeit from Smith, of Portsmouth, and Clump, of Newgate-market. On October 21, 1861, he defeated Young Broome (who is now matched with Harry Branton's Unknown), for 250 a side, 43 rounds, 42min, in two rings. This brings us to the last fight with Truckle, alluded to before, and as our readers are fully aware the Championship of England was at stake, and Mace had asserted that it was only sheer accident that King could not consummate his success. Every old ring-goer can fully appreciate the feeling that is almost ever revolving in the impulsive system of organisation of candidates for the Championship of England. Even from Figg's time—the first in the head-roll of pugilistic champions—we doubt not the position of a most surprising moment in form, King was unfortunally cast just at the very moment when he himself and his friends were expressing such sanguine hopes of eventual victory. How such hopes were doomed to be dashed on one side, by one of those *contresens* that have occurred to the best man who ever stripped to the buff, is now matter of history, and needs no reopening of arguments. King rested under the assurance of having taken the prize through adverse, coming to the aid of anybody's cap to the leading man of the day—no mean feat in anybody's cap. His career, short as it has been, has been marked by an honourable and upright rivalry, for his manly fairness in the ring is only equalled by his civil and retiring behaviour with those he is brought into contact. How he was again seized with a Tantalus thirst for another opportunity to display his improved style of manipulation will be found alluded to under another head.

POSTING OF THE FINAL DEPOSIT.

NEITHER of the men appeared on Wednesday week, at the final deposit, which had to be made at Mr. Willy Richardson's, the Blue Anchor, Church-street, Shorehitch;—the admission of such a step being quite apparent to all. The host must have felt highly gratified

at the extremely large attendance of visitors, for upstairs and downstairs it was all the same—crowded to a most uncomfortable extent, and hardly room for the proper transaction of business. Every one, however, as they ought to do, made themselves happy under the circumstances; and the event which called them together was broached by one and all. Joey Jones, the eccentric one, occupied the chair, and, although it was all talk for some time, nothing was done in the shape of speculation until the arrival of Mr. Moss Philipps, Mace's chief backer, some military officers, Mr. Henry Jones, however, as they were bound to say we saw 7 to 4 laid on the Norfolk hero. The avidity, however, with which the friends of King showed at the fore was astonishing. Nothing, in their opinion, can lose him the battle—bar accident. In addition to the parties named as being present were Mr. John Gideon, the chief manager of Sayers's principal battles, and Jimmy Welsh, of the Griffin, Church-street, Borough.

It was all "cork and feather" was strictly 6 to 4 on Mace, with plenty of takers. Mr. Coney, the manager for Mace, remarked that the journey would be by land, not by water, so that all the difficulty and hazard of passing to and from a steamer to the shore, and climbing up rocks, would be avoided. Mace (said the speaker) was never so well in his life, and it high hopes and aspirations of success could win a battle, then, to all intents and purposes, Mace would prove a winner. On the other hand, the abiding of which the adherents of Mace retired, and then visited "The Old King John," Holywell-lane, Shorehitch, and Harry Branton's, "The George and Dragon," Beech-street, Barbican, at both of which places Jem's health was toasted. It was definitively arranged that the catering for the party should be confided to Mr. Dan Finkstone, who has been so well known in sporting circles for many years past.

EVE OF THE BATTLE AND SCENE AT THE STATION.

LONG before the first cock had any intention of saluting the morn, or the very earliest bird thought of seeking the worm which, according to history, falls to his share, and about the "our when the great heavy carts went their way from the suburbs to Covent Garden Market, the number of cabs rattling over the stones in the direction of a well-known Railway Station, occupied the struggling pedestrians, and the half frozen and shelly fatigued groups of the night, that some great event was on the tapis; even if they had not an inkling of the actual cause which created this unwonted din in the city of London at an hour when bustle is, in the words of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, "conspicuous by its absence." Not only cabs, but pedestrians in little knots, at brief intervals, hastened with something like excitement in their step towards the station on whose platform a still greater throng was waiting, the early rise of the nation at which they expected to witness the event about which men have done little else but talk and write since the news went forth that "the match was made." It is proverbial that a man may jostle the Prime Minister of England into the gutter at any moment when on a pedestrian tour through the streets of London, without being cognisant of the fact; and it is no less true that you may struggle through the throng of the station, and shelly fatigued groups of the night, shoulder to shoulder with a no less important individual, and a hundred others "high in office," and "honoured in the land," without being in the least aware of the high social or political position of the parties whose hats you are crushing, or whose coat you are rendering worthless by a too fond clinging to its skirts thereof, which, by some mysterious process peculiar to coats in a long, get well up under your arms, where they were fastened to convey the reality of the indignation at which they expected to witness the event about which men have done little else but talk and write since the news went forth that "the match was made." 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